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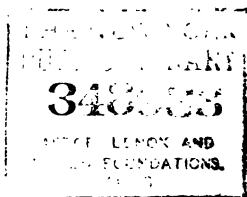
Visions and Voices



By

M. Carrie Moore

M.R.



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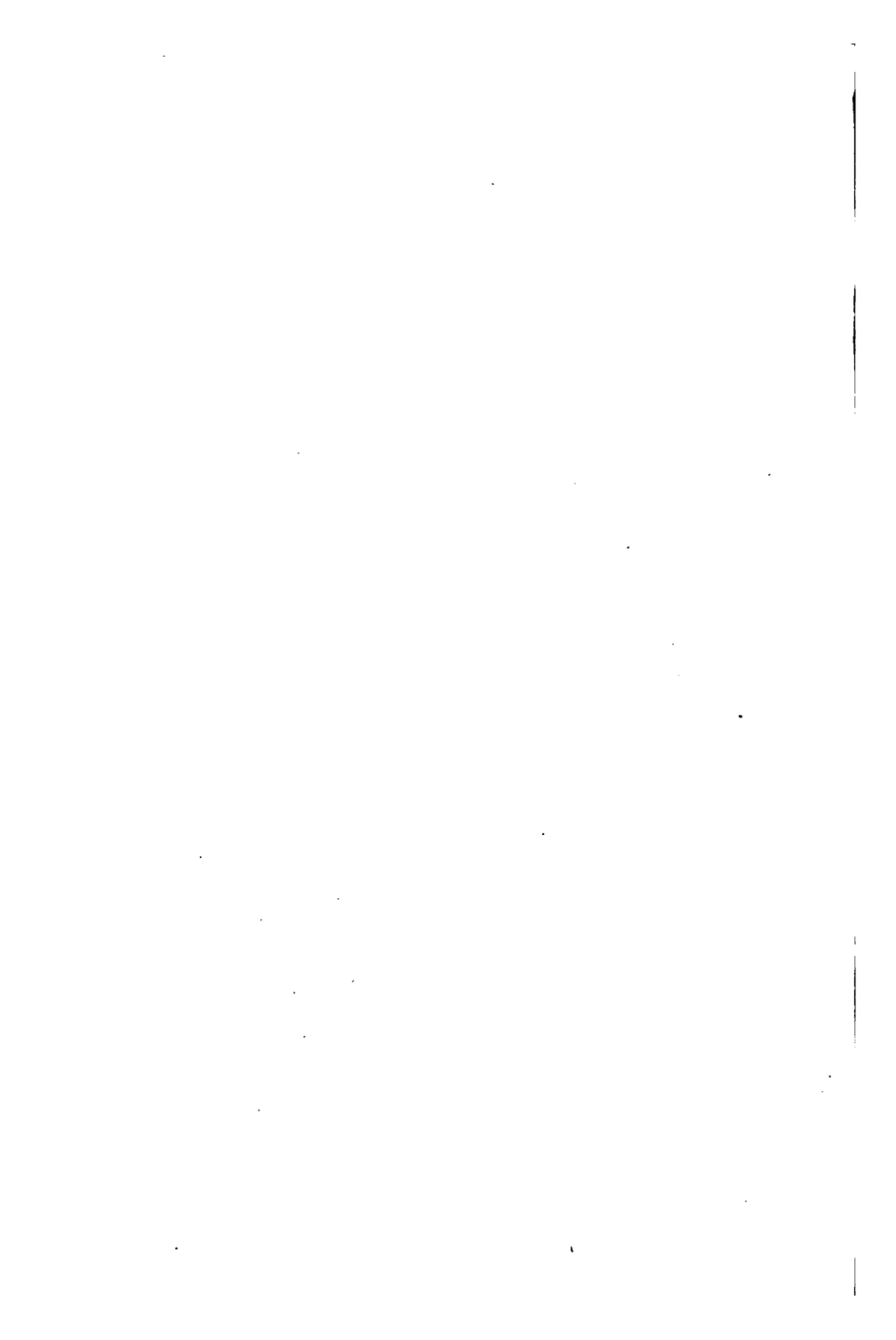
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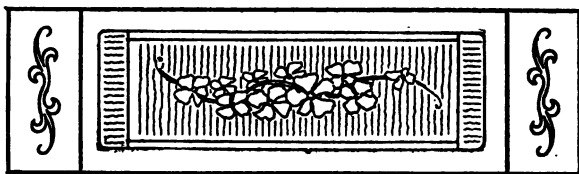
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VISIONS AND VOICES



VISIONS AND VOICES.

SWEET are the voices calling,
Calling, dear youth, to thee;
Rare are the visions falling,
Falling o'er land and sea.

What are the voices saying,
What do the visions mean?
Are they illusions, playing
Over a mystic scene?

Beautiful castles rising,
Only to fade away?
Mirage of the brain's devising,
Leading the life astray?

Visions and Voices.

Nay; 'tis the choir immortal,
Starting the psalm of youth,
Setting ajar life's portal,
Genii of faith and truth.

Nay; 'tis reflected glory
From the eternal hills,
Painting the winsome story,
Heart of the dreamer fills.

Cherish the meanings shining
In galaxy of youth,
Through all its dream divining
Marvelous heights of Truth.

So, if an Egypt beckon
Out of the vast unknown,
Thou shalt be wise to reckon
With famine or with throne.



THE POET'S CROWN.

A POET sat him down to write,
An angel touched him — “ Not to-night,
Lest all thy heart be known,
And thou should'st tremble when the morn
Revealed to all what, still unborn,
Is thine alone.

“ What! would'st thou have thy soul laid bare,
To meet the sneering, smirking stare,
And cruel, icy jeer?
Hast thou not heard the world go by,
With thunder tread and lightning eye,
And dost not fear?

“ Write not. The critic's scalping knife
Will falter not to take thy life.
And what's a poet dead?

The Poet's Crown.

Ah! then, thou sayest, sought and found,
And even by the critics crowned,
When soul is fled.

“Not so, if line and plummet find,
And give the soundings of the mind,
Too shallow runs the stream;
For wisdom lieth deep, so deep
Who find her long will toil and weep,
Nor pause to dream.

“Thy heritage is one of pain,
To sing and see thy sweetest strain”—
The angel paused —“Say not,”
The poet cried, with trembling lip,
“In Lethe's stream my soul to dip,
And be forgot!

“O angel! I can die to-night,
If only some poor strain I write
Shall find some sinking soul,
And show it sad Gethsemane,
And precious, blood-stained Calvary,—
The sinner's goal.”

The Poet's Crown.

"Write!" said the angel, and outspread
His wings for flight. "Upon his head,
Who sings for Christ, shall be
Such crown as world-fame never knew,
Nor critics dared." Away he flew
Across the sea

Of star-wrought blue. The poet felt
The spirit in him seem to melt
In blissful, wordless prayer,
And then he hid his face, for so
He knew, by all the heavenly glow,
The Lord was there



BE GLAD TO-DAY.

BE glad, be glad here, in thy place,
However lowly bounded,
Nor slight to-day for future grace,
Whose good must yet be sounded.

Be glad just now, no other time
Will wear the self-same glory;
No other life, no other clime,
Can tell the same sweet story.

Go forth beneath thine own fair skies,
And hear thine own lark singing,
And feel the thrill of glad surprise
To watch him sunward winging.

Be Glad To day.

Sing thou with him. Why silent stay
A future song to borrow?
Why miss the music of to-day
For carol of to-morrow?

Scorn not the daisy at thy feet
While reaching for June roses;
For there may come a driving sleet
Ere one fair bud uncloses.

Let June be June, 'tis April now,
Fly with the birds to meet her;
The light of life is on her brow,
The resurrected greet her.

If thou content thee now — then know
Content art thou forever,
For everywhere God's gardens grow
To charm to-day's endeavor.



“PAPA, FIX THIS.”

MY winsome maid, your merry laugh
And gleeful play
Have ground my wisdom into chaff,
And blown away
Whole pages of scholastic lore,
That much I hoped to safely store
For Sunday's sermon.

But what is this? Such quiet reigns,
I almost hear
The silence! How these sudden strains
Do gender fear!
I turned — the baby face was bent,
With puckered brow and gaze intent,
O'er somewhat vexing.

"Papa, Fix This."

A broken toy that, o'er and o'er,
 The stubborn mind,
With stern insistence, would restore,
 Only to find
Too small, too frail, the little hand,
Unskillful yet to understand,
 Or cope with trouble.

I watch her, striving, all in vain
 The fruitless task.
And bide with yearning, almost pain,
 To hear her ask
The larger strength, so close beside,
The larger skill that fain would guide
 My wayward girly.

Ah, now she yields! The bonnie elf!
 Springs to my side —
"Papa, fix this; all by myself
 I tried and tried.
And now it's spoiled." Two eyes, a-shine
With peerless trust, uplift to mine,
 And troubles vanish.

"Papa, Fix This."

Within my hand the broken thing,
And on my breast
The baby fast asleep. The spring
Of all unrest
Is stubborn trust in self. I bow,
With tears, above the smoothed-out brow,
And say — "Our Father,

"Our Father, God, whose goodness spans
My every day,
At Thy dear feet my broken plans
I humbly lay.
Fix Thou my life, and hold me fast,
Till on Thy breast I sleep at last,
Securely folded."



THROUGH SUFFERING.

IMPEARLED in dew,
The rose was born;
It smiled, and grew
Beside the thorn.
And who will make the rose his own
Must with his tears the spoil atone.

Past dripping skies,
Strong, brave, and true,
The bird notes rise
To find the blue,
And far more sweet for falling rain,
The song floats over wood and plain.

Diviner strain
The poet sings,
When throe of pain

Through Suffering.

His spirit stings,
And taught by grief, upon the years
He writes the ministry of tears.

The fairest dream
In halls of art
Holds in its gleam
A wounded heart;
For life's best triumphs still must share
The crown of thorns and brow of care.

To joy alone
Yield not thy quest;
On sorrow's throne
The heavens rest.
The bravest heart sings in the rain,
And God-like thought is wrought in pain.



MY ROOF WINDOW.

WHEN life seems most trying,
And east winds are flying,
With mist through the valley below,
At risk of things spoiling,
I drop all my toiling,
And up to my roof window go.

The cares that are vexing,
The sorrows perplexing,
Would bind me at foot of the stair.
But sweet voice of cheering
My spirit is hearing —
“Come up to the roof window fair.”

My soul's deepest yearning
To Jesus is turning,
While resting so close to the sky.

My Roof Window.

And me he is folding,
In tenderness holding,
While far off the world passes by.

Oh, rich is the blessing,
And sweet the confessing,
Alone with the Lover of souls!
Oh, rapture of feeling,
The hurt spirit healing,
Where peace like a deep river rolls!

When time's richest treasure,
So lavish in measure,
Is making my cup overflow,
Then most I am needing
On Him to be feeding,
And up to my window I go.

Life lacks in completeness,
And misses its sweetness,
Absorbed in the world's ebb and flow;
But they who divining
God's secrets are shining,
Must oft to the roof window go.



ACROSS THE HILLS OF YESTERDAY.

ACROSS the hills of yesterday,
Saw you my love go by?
The morn was cold, the skies were gray,
The sea did moan and cry.

Saw you my love? His eyes are brown,
They mirror all things sweet;
Methought their light to-day would crown,
And life's fair hope complete.

Across the hills of yesterday,
My love looks back on me,
And sudden glory floods the way,
And fades as suddenly.

I seem to hear a footfall sound
Along time's echoing shore,
Or is it yesterday's rebound,
And doleful nevermore?



WOULD YOU BE A CHILD AGAIN?

A LONG the crowded thoroughfare,
Thick with the stifling fog of care,
Where men, a rushing, jostling throng,
By waves of chance are swept along,
I paused to watch some children play,
Whose prattling words and laughter gay
Seemed like a breath from far-off fields,
Which fragrance to the country yields.
They spied me soon; then, smiling, said
One little tot, with curly head:
“We’re playing lady; see my train!
It’s mamma’s apron. Maudie Vane,
She has our Susie’s dress; just see
How long and nice! If you were me,
Would you stay in the house to play,
And be as still as mice all day?
Now, see me walk; don’t I most look

Would You Be a Child Again?

Like picture ladies in the book?"
And off she minced, the dimpled thing,
A picture, truly, of the spring
Which these hard lives around her knew
Before they tasted of the rue
Which, later, mingles in the wine,
Mixed by relentless hand of thine,
O, conqueror of all that lies
Beneath the glory of the skies.
Now, as she turned I caught the sprite,
And called the other dainty mite,
And held them close — a moment so,
Then, pressed with care, I turned to go;
But with my softly-said good-bye,
Perhaps there breathed unconscious sigh,
For earnest grew the baby eyes,
As questioned they, in sweet surprise:
"Do you wish you was a little girl?"
I lost them, then, amid the whirl
Of grown-up strife. But when to rest
Night hid the tired day on her breast,
And silence folded me about,
I sat and watched the stars come out,
And asked myself: "Would you turn back,
To tread again the self-same track?
To quaff the bitter draught of pain,

Would You Be a Child Again?

Beside an earthly idol slain?
To see affection's blossoms die,
Ere time had brought fruition nigh?
To prove how false as fair is found
The worldling's gay and trifling round?
Would you turn back to-night and be
From crown of womanhood set free?
With all its joys as well as tears
Lost in the blotting out of years?
Would there not come a yearning cry,
Ere all you have and are should die?
Would you not bitterly regret,
And own it anguish to forget?
Say, *dare* you pass from mortal ken,
Content to be a child again?
My soul, would yonder pilgrim turn,
Who sees the home lights nearer burn?
Does he e'er sigh to start anew,
Who knows the journey well nigh through?
Or he who runs turn in his place
And start anew to win the race?
Nay, childhood, keep thy winsome way,
I will be true to this my day;
And lest the night shall come full soon,
And darken down life's sunny noon,
To earnest effort let me wake,

Would You Be a Child Again?

And loving toil, if but to make
Some life more bright, some heart more pure,
Some soul more willing to endure.
So shall I touch life's richest chords,
And find that added time affords
But added good, and backward glance
Serves but the forward to enhance
And speeds my journey till, at length,
Childhood and youth, and later strength,
In one harmonious whole shall blend,
Content, complete, and without end.



CALLED TO SERVE.

CONSIDER well, ere thou decide,
If thou choose serving, thou must bide
A-weary oft, in camp and field,
And far from much that seems to yield
The sweets of youth. But, comrade, know
'Tis discipline alone doth grow
The Daniels who essay the race,
And win in every age and place.

Surrender all,
If thou would'st hear the Captain's call.

If thou be willing, comrade, know
The call has come to thee; for so
Thy fitness doth appear this day,
In that thou'rt ready to obey.
There may be some will look askance,

Called to Serve.

And some to stay thy sure advance;
But if, with Abraham and Paul,
Thou dost, indeed, surrender all,
Nor think to swerve,
Then know that thou art called to serve.



FOUR FEET ON THE FENDER.

WHEN summer takes wing,
And birds cease to sing,
And roses and lilies are sleeping,
I let the winds blow,
Come joy or come woe,
Nor add to the tempest my weeping.

For why should I care?
A summer as fair
Will come from the bountiful sender;
My heart has no room
For visions of gloom,
With always four feet on the fender.

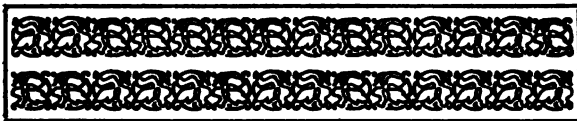
No riches have I,
And fame passes by
To greet a more fortunate mortal;

Four Feet on the Fender.

But this I do know,
Wherever I go,
Love watches for me at the portal.

'Tis true that to all
Some sorrow must fall,
And many a hope we surrender;
But life knows no pain
That long can remain
If met by four feet on the fender.

Beloved, I hear
The voice of the year;
His last notes are low, sweet, and tender,
"I leave you my best
A warm, loving nest,
With always four feet on the fender."



THE LORD IS *MY* SHEPHERD. WHO IS
YOUR SHEPHERD?

MY Shepherd is He
Whose majesty fills
The earth and the sea,
And all heaven thrills.

His name is the Lord,
His law is my guide,
My birthright restored,
I walk by His side.

But whom, soul, have you?
And whose pastures these,
That seem to your view
Abundant to please?

Who Is Your Shepherd?

Does your Shepherd spread
Such banquets as mine?
And is your soul fed
On manna divine?

I can but rejoice,
And sing all the day,
Since Christ is my choice,
And Christ is my way.

Grace quickens my joys,
Grace shines through my tears,
And straightway destroys
The shadow of fears.

But what is your song,
And what are your dreams?
Do things ne'er go wrong?
Is hope all it seems?

The world is most fair,
And "sweetness and light"
So fills everywhere
There seemeth no night.

Who Is Your Shepherd?

Oh, not that poor gleam
On Asia's blind shore,
But heaven's full beam,
That lives evermore.

You smile in your glee,
You laugh in your pride,
The sun shines so bright,
The fields are so wide.

The days swiftly glide,
Each one into each,
And there is no joy
Your hands do not reach.

But what will you do,
And where can you go,
If some time there comes
A famine of woe?

For days will grow dark,
And fields will be bare,
And stormy winds rage
Through valleys so fair.

Who Is Your Shepherd?

For birds will fly home,
And springs will run dry,
And fond lovers, all,
Through storms hurry by.

Then, wounded and sore,
And fainting for rest,
Will your Shepherd let
You lie on his breast?



STOOP LOW.

MY soul, stoop low ;
The lowly things of earth
Get most of heaven's dew.
Be humble ; so
The dignity of birth
Falls to the few
Who do attain to know
Whence God's pure fountains flow.

From nesting low,
The lark doth highest rise,
Exultant, to the sun.
Soul, learn to know
The glory of the skies
Pride never won.
The sweetest things hide low,
Where dews of heaven glow.



THE SOUL'S YOUTH.

THE rosy hours the days unfurl,
Agleam with shining bands of pearl,
The dew distills.
For it is morning on the hills,
And rapture of the morning fills
The day, the night.

A breath from mansions pure and white
Unseals the fountains of delight
That angels share.
It whispers, "Soul, be thou more fair,
More sweet, the crown of youth to wear
Through aisles of time.

"So shalt thou move beyond the rime
Of hoary years, and in thy prime
Child-like be found.

The Soul's Youth.

While passing ages slowly round
Their cycles, by this mortal bound,
Immortal thou.

"Not chained by any dream of now,
The seal of love is on thy brow,
And thou art free.
As children serve, nor ever see
Cold doubt lay hold on mystery,
So serve and sing,

"Sweet mystery, that stoops to bring
Eternal youth, eternal spring,
Eternal life."
Sweet child-like faith, sweet days so rife
With heaven's peace, so hid from strife
"With Christ in God."



“WHERE ARE THE MARKS?”

[Suggested by sermon at Second Baptist Church, Philadelphia, Lord's Day, January 14, 1900.]

A MONK, dishonored and alone,
Beside his crucifix made moan;
But ever through the storm of pain
His heart discerned a low, sweet strain,
As if the Master spoke: “Be still
And rest thee in thy Father's will.
‘Sufficient is my grace,’ be sure,
And he who conquers must endure.”

Then softly voiced the dewy air
The yearning in the old monk's prayer:
“Send what thou wilt, or friend or foe,
Forth at thy leading I will go.”
He kissed the rod on bended knee,
And rising, saw a mystery.

"Where Are the Marks?"

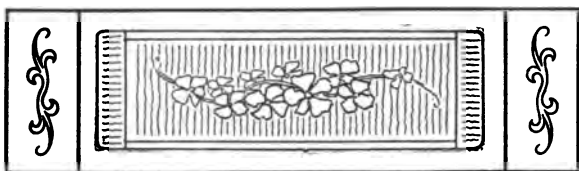
Into his darkened cell there shone
A light that seemed of heaven's own.
The startled monk, with veiled eyes,
Beholds a dazzling vision rise,
Whose vestments gleam, and jeweled bands
Adorn his princely outstretched hands.

"Who art thou?" cries the trembling soul,
While all the cloistered echoes roll.
"I am the Christ!" the guest replies,
And straight the monk suspects disguise.
"Where are the marks?" he asks; "show me
The stigmas of the cruel tree!
Show me the nail prints." he demands,
"Upon those shining, jeweled hands!"

The light leaped up and darkness fell
Where stood the vision in the cell;
Tried by reproach of Calvary,
His only refuge was to flee;
For now the monk, with open eyes,
Discerns the tempter as he flies.
And turning to his parchment scroll,
His stylus underscores the roll
Of Christian soldiers, wounded all,

"Where Are the Marks?"

From St. Augustine back to Paul.
"I see," he said, "the stains will show
Wherever lies the whitest snow!"
And who with Christ expects to reign,
With Christ must wear the marks of pain.



YE FRAGRANT ISLES.

YE fragrant isles, that sleep afar
Within the ocean gates, that bar
Your Oriental splendor,
Soon shall your spicy groves and hills
Awake, to learn the song that fills,
And every pulse of nature thrills,
The Christ-song, sweet and tender,

Soon shall a radiant splendor beam
O'er fruitful vale and laughing stream,
Where that dear name is spoken;
And dusky forms take up the strain,
And join redemption's glad refrain,
Till every cruel rite is slain,
And every idol broken.

Ye Fragrant Isles.

How gently, through sin's heavy night
That closes 'round you with its blight,
 The "still, small voice" is stealing;
And 'mid your fragrance and your bloom
Love's tender presence findeth room,
And parts the heavy clouds of gloom,
 The precious cross revealing!

From shore to shore, from strand to strand,
One name unites in kindred band
 The high born and the lowly;
The Christ, the King, the crucified,
O, wondrous love! for me He died,
For me, for you, who dared deride,
 And wound the Pure and Holy.

And can we, then, ungrateful live,
No tears, no prayers, no tithes to give,
 No earnest, high endeavor?
In selfish ease content to dwell,
While sorrows as deep waters swell,
Where lust and crime ring out the knell
 Of hope and joy forever?

Ye Fragrant Isles.

Content! and every hour some soul
Is outward passing to the goal,

Whence there is no returning.

Content, to have no part, no place,
In God's triumphal march of grace,
Before whom kingdoms fall apace,
The King of kings discerning.

From far and near the cry is rolled:

"More faith, more prayer, more work, more
gold"—

It is the Master pleading.

His toilers languish not alone,
The tender Christ-heart feels each groan,
And marks where these in tears have sown,
While we pass on unheeding.

"Thy kingdom come," we pray, nor think
How pray and do form, link by link,
The chain of God's own weaving.

"Thy will be done," we daily say,
With armor off and laid away,
While others gird them for the fray,
The victor's crown receiving.

Ye Fragrant Isles.

So may we hinder, but not stay,
The onward coming of that day
 When mighty hosts assemble ;
When earth, immersed in seas of flame,
Shall drop her robe of sin and shame,
And every tongue confess His name,
 Who makes the nations tremble.

Oh hasten, time, and years glide on,
Till o'er the hills the golden dawn
 Of perfect day is streaming ;
Till breaks the song of jubilee,
Along the plains, beside the sea,
And every sin-bound slave goes free,
 Where Jesus' love is beaming.



A HYMN.

THE VOICE OF GOD IS CALLING.

THE voice of God is calling,
"Ye people, seek my face,
While mercy drops are falling
In this, my time of grace.
Shall Zion, still unheeding,
In purple robes pass by,
While broken hearts are bleeding,
And famished millions cry?

"Build ye no costly altar,
Uplift no shining fane,
While dying souls still falter,
Nor know a heaven to gain.

A Hymn.

Go forth, my people, hasten,
For swiftly speeds the day ;
Go, lest I come and chasten,
And move thy lamp away.

“ For this thy lamp was lighted,
To shine from home afar,
And show the shores benighted,
Where heaven’s moorings are.
For this your Lord anoints you,
And seals you with His seal,
And by His word appoints you,
The wounds of sin to heal.”

O, ye, His chosen, hearken,
While time still onward flows,
Ere yet the night shall darken,
And doors of mercy close.
Pour out your richest treasure,
Till Zion hath no need,
And with unbounded measure
Ye shall be blest indeed.



DEDICATION HYMN.

[Sung at the dedication of New Vienna Baptist
Church, August 20, 1882.]

THOU great Jehovah, Lord of all,
Whose glory fills the earth and sky,
Before whose feet archangels fall,
And thrones and kingdoms prostrate lie.

With love and fear fain would we bring
The highest honors earth can raise,
With heart and voice extol our King,
In lofty songs of grateful praise.

Dear Lord, draw near, unveil Thy face,
Shine on these walls upreared to Thee.
O, deign to make these courts Thy place,
And let us here Thy glory see.

Dedication Hymn.

Now crown our work with Thy rich grace,
And consecrate it wholly Thine;
So shall this prove a heavenly place,
The portals of Thy courts divine.



THANKSGIVING.

NOVEMBER chimes are telling fast
The waning of the year;
The story of the June is past,
The leaves are brown and sere;
The summer blossoms shyly hide,
But winter roses open wide.

The somber sky a bleakness sends,
But love-lit eyes can see;
Above the clouds the angel bends
With blessings rich and free.
While all around is white and gold,
The winter roses we behold.

Thanksgiving bells peal on the air,
And morning waits on night;
Adoring songs the nations share,

Thanksgiving.

And God is our delight,
Our hope, our sure defender, he
Whose goodness wakes our jubilee.

Awake, awake, all things that breathe,
The Lord is very nigh;
With chains of praise your altars wreath,
And "Abba Father" cry.
Bring all of honor and renown,
And haste his precious name to crown.

Be glad, be glad, nor let thy song
Hold any plaint of woe;
For God is good, and God is strong,
And love's sweet overflow
Is in thy heart and on thy store,
And heaven itself is at thy door.



COME TO THE BABE IN THE MANGER.

COME to the Babe in the manger,
Come while the star shines so bright;
Oh, come, but not as a stranger;
Come as a lover to-night.

Come while the angels are singing
Tidings of joy to the earth;
Come with the wise who are bringing
Gifts, as to honor His birth.

Give Him yourself, beyond measure,
This is the gift He will prize,
And in return — Oh! what treasure
You will receive in the skies.

Come to the Babe in the Manger.

Joy of His presence is filling
All the wide world with delight;
Come, with a spirit made willing,
Come as a lover to-night.



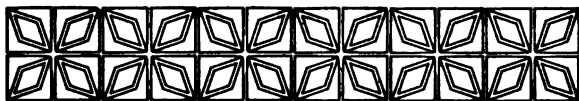
HE GIVETH LIFE.

OVER and over my heart keeps singing,
He giveth life!
Sweeter and stronger the words keep ringing
Above time's strife.
Beauty and gladness, everywhere springing,
Circle each year.
Sowing and reaping, rich harvests bringing,
Tell He is here.

He giveth life! Oh, joy beyond telling,
"Song without words."
Deeper and deeper love's psalm is swelling,
And my soul girds
It, with confident grace, to be dwelling
Up on the heights,
Whence the clear streams of righteousness well-
ing,
Pour forth delights.

He Giveth Life.

He giveth life! Forever and ever
My heart shall sing,
And to his worship all my endeavor
Gladly I'll bring.
Oh, what a vision! Oh, what a song!
Life's mystery!
Life that is thrilling the blood-ransomed throng
Over the sea.



SILENCE WAS THE ANGEL'S NAME.

SILENCE stood with folded wings,
Where the portal outward swings,
Where the sunset glory lay
On the shadow, cold and gray,
And above him, in God's sight,
Peace unveiled the shores of light.
 Silence was the angel's name,
 Hand in hand with sleep he came,
 With sleep and death.

Silence folded all about
With his presence. Shut out doubt,
And the awful sob of grief
Hushed into serene belief.
Then a still voice broke the spell,
"God hath spoken, all is well."

Silence Was the Angel's Name.

Silence was the angel's name,
That I might hear God he came,
That I might contented claim
Both sleep and death.



GOD'S POEM.

'TIS written on the mountains high,
'Tis published on the hills,
It chants where summer passes by,
And in the dew distills.

It glitters in the jewels rare
The frost-king scatters wide,
And every living thing doth share
The anthem glorified.

It gently stirs the grassy plain,
It shakes the giant trees,
It patters in the falling rain,
And thunders on the seas.

Creation's psalm! A poem sweet,
A work divinely wrought,

God's Poem.

A holy miracle, complete
In man, the crowning thought.

But man redeemed! A song sublime,
Nor earth nor heaven can learn;
It soars beyond the bounds of time,
In God's great heart to burn.

God's poem, soul of man, thou art
If He doth work in thee,
If He doth write within thy heart
His living harmony.

God's poem! Purest, loftiest note
In all the lofty strain;
There Love, in blood-washed letters wrote,
"The Lamb for sinners slain."

O, be God's poem, be His song,
Of all men read and known,
A strong, sure note to baffle wrong,
And win men to His throne.



GOOD-BYE TO THE OLD YEAR.

1885.

GOOD-BYE, old year, we part to-night,
And many a hope that once was bright
We lay aside together;
And many a dark and haunting fear
We've watched like shadows disappear,
Though greeting with a fretful tear,
The kindly rainy weather.

Our joys will swell a goodly list,
Our woes — ah, well, the lips we kissed
And put away forever.
The forms we love, are they not there
Among the ransomed, passing fair,

Good-bye to the Old Year.

And would we have them back to bear
This toiling and endeavor?

Sometimes, old year, we sigh and say,
Oh, but to see *her* for one day,
Whose love our griefs could soften;
Whose thought unselfish, knew no will
But planning for her loved ones still,
Whose dear hands rested not until
We clasped them in the coffin.

Last year she sat with us and sang
The sweet old songs that gayly rang
Among the summer roses;
And tender anthems lifting high
The soul that listened to the sky,
As when some angel, passing by,
A glimpse of heaven discloses.

You did not know her long. old year,
She faded as the spring drew near,
And left us, in our sorrow,
To lift again life's broken threads,
Above two narrow earth-made beds,
And somehow patch the bleeding shreds,
And wait for God's to-morrow.

Good-bye to the Old Year.

Perhaps these stony paths do wind
Around deep pitfalls. Time is blind,
And haughty spirits stumble.
But Love, though wounded, takes the helm,
And steers through storms that overwhelm,
To anchor in that peaceful realm
Where Mercy crowns the humble.

Perhaps! Oh, no! Let others scout,
For you and me, old year, no doubt
Shall sully time's brief pages;
It is the hand that holds the skies,
The Good, the Wonderful, All Wise,
Whose leading always underlies
The swift returning ages.

Then, so He shapes these storms and calms,
And sets our years to grateful psalms,
Why need we sue to trouble?
A beggar lifted to a throne,
Though old, and poor, and quite alone,
Would think for all of sorrow known,
The bliss was more than double.

But, hark! old year, the warning bell!
Thine hour has come. He doeth well,
Who led us here together,

Good-bye to the Old Year.

Thou for eternal shades, while I,
A little longer toil and try,
To gain unending years on high,
Where comes no stormy weather.



FOR THEE I PRAY.

DEAR love, for thee I pray,
While fades the light away
From yonder sky,
While hush of dewy night,
In chastened starry light,
Brings heaven nigh.

The dark, rain-laden skies,
Like anguish-burdened eyes
Wept all the day.
But now with sweet reprieve,
Draws near the hour of eve,
And whispers, "Pray."

Close by the shining gate,
With folded hands I wait,
And thy dear name,

For Thee I Pray.

As of my life a part,
I breathe with throbbing heart,
And thrill of pain.

Not this I ask for thee,
That thou from sorrow free
Shalt keep thy way ;
Nor yet that gold or lands
Into thy longing hands
Rich treasure lay.

Not crown of fame be thine,
Mid thy dark locks to shine,
A weight of care.
Let proud ambition smile,
So nothing thee beguile
Her paths to share.

But, oh, I ask that thou
Shalt wear upon thy brow
The seal of heaven ;
So shall a noble life,
Unsoiled by earthly strife,
To thee be given.

For Thee I Pray.

Dear love, for thee I pray,
While fades the light away
 From yonder sky;
While hush of dewy night,
In chastened starry light,
 Brings heaven nigh.



TRYST.

LOW and sweet the winds are sighing,
"Go to sleep.

Hush thee, hush thee, be not crying,

Do not weep.

Robe of crimson and of gold,

Joyfully about thee fold,

Dear mother earth. This is not dearth,

Nor death; but pausing for the birth

That unlocks beauty from the deep

And silent shores of happy sleep."

"We are tired," the leaves are singing,

"Let us fall,"

And the flower bells are ringing,

And the call

Every blossom joyful hears,

Wondering why the skies rain tears.

Tryst.

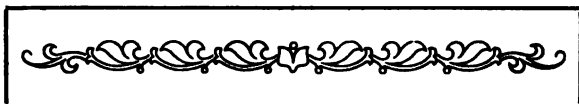
"We are tired, we long to rest,
Dear mother earth, upon thy breast.
Our summer dress is worn and old,
See how we shiver in the cold."

"Good-bye, good-bye," swallows calling,
Cleave the air,

"We must go, the nuts are falling
Everywhere ;

And mysterious whispers show
Premonitions of the snow.

Earth, mother dear, when draweth near
Our last flight through the waning year,
With folded pinions we will keep
Our tryst with thee, and go to sleep."



IN THE GLOAMING.

SWIFTLY the day is declining,
The night shadows gather fast;
Out where the star worlds are shining
Sweet visions are gliding past.

Wonderful cloud fleets are sailing
Away to the land of light,
Shadowy garments are trailing,
Angels are almost in sight.

Mystical hands are unveiling
Temples of silver and gold,
Bearing from fountains unfailing
Exquisite glory untold.

Down from the mountains of blessing,
Singing the song of the sky,
Touching the world with caressing,
God's beautiful peace draws nigh.

In the Gloaming.

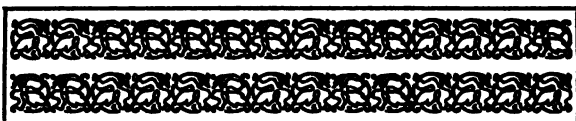
Low winds the lily bells ringing,
Tenderly calling to prayer,
Set all the silence a-singing,
A-worshiping everywhere.

Echo is softly repeating
Strains of an anthem unknown,
Sung on the bright shores of meeting,
Sung by the ransomed alone.

Far from the world and its roaming,
Won by the wisdom sublime,
Walking with God in the gloaming,
Under the arches of time.

This is the valley of resting,
This is the house of delight;
Faith, like a glad bird, is nesting,
Secure in the Father's sight.

Now come the dream angels laying
Slumber charms, loving and deep,
While they are tenderly saying,
"He gives his beloved ones sleep."



THE VOICES.

DEEP, deep, so deep, within they lie!
In vain to try
The mystic door.
In vain to sigh,
In vain implore
The hidden lore.
They still defy,
And evermore
Elusive speak in unknown tongue,
And laugh to scorn the songs we've sung.

Hush, babblers on the shores of time,
Yours is the clime
Of cold and chill.
Thick lies the rime
Of wintry skill,
And discords kill

The Voices.

Your sweetest chime.
They do but fill
The wounded air with cruel pain,
Till one could wish all singers slain.

Yet, no; sing on; perhaps will spring
Some valiant thing
From poorest soil.
And ye who bring
The finer oil
And richer spoil,
Oh, softly sing;
For still, behind the close-shut door,
The voices whisper, "More, still more."

Oh, open, and from out the whole
Give one live coal;
But one, that so
The yearning soul
Quicken and glow
To lofty flow
And noblest goal.
In vain! in vain! Elusive ring
The wordless songs we never sing.



A CHRISTMAS IDYL.

A SPIRIT in the frosty air
Moves through the bare
And solemn wood.
A spirit fair,
That understood
How well it could,
With touches rare,
Awaken good.
And clinking branches touch and tell,
"The King is come; He doeth well."

Methought it was a breeze that stirred,
Or some swift bird,
Singing afar
That gladsome word —
"The star! The star!"
No things can mar

A Christmas Idyl.

The tidings heard,
Or ever bar
The way of life the shepherds found
That night, on Bethlehem's blessed ground.

Would'st thou the spirit's name? Then know
It in the glow
Of this sweet thing —
Unstinted sow,
Till good wheat spring,
And bare fields bring
Rich overflow;
Till Silence sing
Out of the lowlands where she lives —
"All things are wrought by Him who gives."



MUSIC.

CLOSE by the palace of the King,
Where Gabriel dips his shining wing,
Immortal fountains play.

And through the palace doors ajar
Spring out the glory far, and far —
Pure, bright, celestial day.

And forth from out the splendor there
Stole Music's sister, twin most fair,
And brought God's smile away.

Down through the gleaming wreath of stars,
Beyond the tempting home of Mars,
She pierced the milky way.

Music.

Down to the home of mortals led,
Earth felt the passion of her tread,
And shook beneath her sway.

And from Mount Ida's sacred height,
The gods, amazed, beheld the sight,
And caught her heavenly lay,

Till haughty Jove forgot to frown,
And Juno laid her scepter down,
And threw her crown away.

Queen of the heart, queen of the soul,
Thy kingdom is from pole to pole,
Nor ever shall decay.

Immortal as thy sister sweet,
Thy path where joys and sorrows meet,
And both implore thy stay.

For sorrow smiles where thou hast been,
And purer grow the haunts of sin,
Where thy soft numbers stray.

Anear, afar, on sea or shore,
Thy tender benedictions pour,
Till dawns the King's own day,

Music.

And strains that mortal ear ne'er heard,
Shall cleave the air at his own word
Whom angel choirs obey.

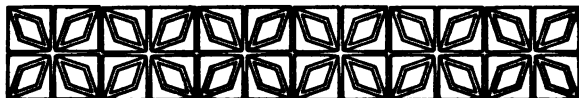
Him first, Him last, eternal King!
Across the sea of glass shall ring,
And every creature say —

"Amen, amen, God reigns alone,"
And Music next beside his throne
Shall take her place for aye.



SELF.

IN life's glad song there is but one
Discordant note. Conceived in sin,
In every clime, 'neath every sun,
Its strong, unbridled sense doth win
To low deceits, and paltry schemes
That shape a slave. When weary grown,
As shades appear, persistent dreams
Invite to triumphs yet unknown
Nor ever met. For sudden falls
The blast of woe, the wail of hearts,
And sin's black harvest hoard appalls,
And all but sick despair departs.
The universe holds no such pelf
So odious as selfish self.



MY HOPE AND I.

IF I should die to-night,
The sun would shine as bright
To-morrow morn,
And the birds would go on singing,
And the children would romp and play
Through all the sunny day.
The heedless music, ringing,
Would laugh to scorn
A grief forlorn,
And the bells of joy, and the bells of woe,
Would all clang, and clatter, and mingle so—
How could you tell,
If I died last night,
Or a year ago?

Should you care if one said,
With hushed voice, "She is dead"?
I wish I knew.

My Hope and I.

I think, for the bliss of knowing,
That your dear eyes would fill with tears.
I could forego the years
With all they are bestowing.
I deem you true.
And loving you
I dare interpret to my need
The voiceless messages that lead
Me straight to you.
For if faith be fled,
Love's heart must bleed.

Ah, it is hope must die!
Yes, it is hope, not I.
Yet hope, and thou
And I are one. Could I, smiling,
Forget where my dead hope was laid,
And by new passion swayed,
Hearken a new beguiling?
Nay, let me be;
I will not flee
The cheat, but clasp the chain that wears too deep
Into my life, and if too much I weep,
Why need you know?
My fair hope and I,
Will together keep.



THE LITTLE BIRD THAT TELLS.

HE murmured a name, and the dream-tree
 stirred,
And the bird in its branches woke and heard,
Then, pluming his wing, away, away,
He flew, where the island of Hope holds sway;
 Away from the night,
 And the mildew blight,
Of the doubts, and fears, and waiting, and all
That built for the sleeper a high, dark wall
Twixt him and the vision fair and sweet,
Which, waking, he longed yet trembled to meet.
 And the bird flew on,
 Till the clear, cool dawn
Showed the beautiful island all aglow
With the fragrant bloom of the groves that grow,
And scatter their leaves, whose healing art
Brings peace, ofttimes to the sinking heart,

The Little Bird That Tells.

Whence Cupid, sly thief,
Stole joy and left grief.
She leaned from the casement to greet the morn,
As out of the east the new day was born;
And earth and sky said adieu to the night,
And blushed as the sun kissed them back to light;
But on the fair face
There lingered a trace
Of the midnight waking, the tears, the sighs,
Which the smile on the lips could not disguise,
And the dark eyes saw through a mist, and lo!
The skies were all covered with clouds of woe.
But, hark! How he sings!
The bird! There he swings!
On the old apple bough, overhead;
And he sang, and he sang, but what he said
Is not fair to tell, but the fragrant leaf,
He shook from his wings, brought joy out of
grief;
And henceforth, as one,
Two lives were begun.



THE DAY'S ECLIPSE.

I NTO the day I flung a song,
The day that was all dark like night,
And struggled so to give its light
Through all the clouds that drove along.

The song was born of tears, and knew
No part, no lot, in any day.
But so I thought to drive away
The pain that pierced me through and through.

To-morrow I shall watch the sun
Along the uplands shoot his ray,
And turn the tear-fringed eye of day
To laughter, as if grief were done.

To-morrow — but how far, how far,
The chariot wheels are driving on!
The threads of life are swiftly gone,
And hope is but a falling star.

The Day's Eclipse.

Yet, panting at the gates of life,
We reach our weary, trembling hands
To clutch the heavy iron bands
That hold us to this mournful strife.

Is want so stern a thing to meet,
And care a giant to affright,
With ghastly faces in the night,
And awful sound of ghostly feet?

Is truth a jest, and friendship bought
To line the garment of a king?
And piety a fraud, to bring
The promises of God to naught?

The skies bend down and pour the dew
Into the valley of distrust,
To clear away the smoke and dust,
And wash the drooping grasses new.

Shut out the world, it has no place
In any heritage of woe;
It can not understand nor know
The meaning writ on Sorrow's face.

The Day's Eclipse.

Is any beauty in these tears,
And bitter sighs, and tangled hair,
And grieving lips, that needs must wear
The mocking smile to cover fears?

The light burns low, in yonder room
The watchers wait, and in the wall
The death-tick's solemn, warning call
Breeds terror in the awful gloom.

With bated breath we say—" 'Tis naught
But idle tale of idle days,
When all the witching summer haze
Our careless, youthful folly caught."

Now drift our happy years away,
Now wan and pale our dear ones grow,
And slowly fade, ere we could know
That any languor on them lay.

The midnight bell falls on my ear,
The midnight moon sails down the sky;
Let foolish doubtings fade and die,
And with the dawn new hope appear.

The Day's Eclipse.

Truth is no jest. The hand divine
Is reaching through the storms that fall,
For God, the Christ, is over all,
And love to man the great design.



OUR DARLING IS DEAD.

WHISPER it gently, ye wandering winds,
Our darling is dead.
Sob it in pitying dashes of rain
Over her head.

Bitter the sorrow that came with the year,
A withering woe,
Blighting our joys like the leaves brown and sere,
Under the snow.

Gone is thy sweet voice, whose low melody
Charmed away care.
Gone is the dark eye whose loving glance brought
Joy everywhere.

Bend, sorrowing skies, above her lone rest,
Time's journey is done.
Cold lies the sod on the now pulseless breast,
Our beautiful one!

Our Darling Is Dead.

Borne on the air comes a whisper of spring,
The faintest perfume,
Of beauty a-stir, of hope on the wing,
To scatter the gloom.

Sweet, blue-eyed violets, drinking the dew
Out of the skies,
Speak to our sorrow the old, ever new,
Spring-time surprise.

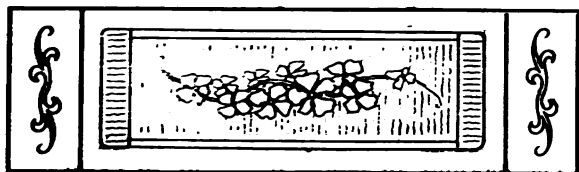
Precious the story, Evangel unfolds,
Of sepulcher bare,
Hope for the ages this miracle holds —
He is not there!

Tell it to hearts that are breaking to-day,
Sick with despair;
Tell it to darkness, and dust, and decay —
He is not there!

Yet chide not our weeping; she was our all,
And slowly we learn,
From trials and storms that over us fall,
Toward heaven to turn.

Our Darling Is Dead.

Good-bye, beloved, death lurks in the night,
But flies with the morn,
The morning of morns disclosing in light,
Creation new born.



WILLIE.

IN MEMORIAM.

CALM is the morn, soft is the air
That fans away the night of care,
And breathes a tender thought of peace,
Like prayer that bids all passion cease.

* * * * *

I knew thee in that happy time,
When life flows on in golden rhyme,
Beyond the poet's utmost art,
To youth and childhood set apart.

A child in years, a careless boy,
Not thine to grasp the later joy
That shed a halo round my way,
And glorified that early day.

Willie.

A maiden, on the heights I stood,
Enchanted with fair womanhood,
And heard caressing voices say
Sweet words that maidens hide away.

But faster flows the tide of life,
And careless songs are drowned in strife,
And toil and care and vain regret
In every life have sometime met.

* * * * *

Sometime, when tears have had their way,
And grief shall know a calmer day,
We'll see how God's unchanging plan
Unchanging kindness yields to man.

Out of the cold, damp clods of earth
The white-faced daisies have their birth,
And souls that are akin to God,
Death can not hold beneath the sod.

Almighty Love, absorb us quite,
Nor let us drift in sin's dark night;
Yea, give us tears, if seemeth best,
But let us weep them on Thy breast.



TO MRS. J. W. D.,

With Congratulations on Having Attained Her Eightieth
Anniversary.

THE western gates swing wide,
The day is almost done;
Swift hastes the eventide,
Low slants the setting sun.

Sweet visions, stealing down
From mountains of delight,
The closing moments crown,
And all our griefs requite.

What though all worn and spent,
Bereaved and chastened sore,
With our dissolving tent
Pitched on the sunset shore?

* * * * *

The toils of morn are o'er,
The noontide songs are sung,

To Mrs. J. W. D.

The past returns no more,
The parting knell is rung.

Dear heart, whom I so love —
My mother's friend and mine —
Whose joys are set above
The boundaries of time,

No costly gift I bring
To crown thy latest year;
I only know to sing
My joy to have thee here.

Time does but lightly lay
His touch upon thy life,
For thou hast walked alway
Apart from worldly strife.

Long may thy presence grace
And bless our pilgrim band;
Long may we see thy face
And touch thy kindly hand.

Good-night! The vesper song
Steals softly to my ear,
While tender memories throng,
And God and heaven come near.



REV. J. W. DINKLEMAN.

A MEMORIAL.

THE tender grace of life doth keep
Love's sesame to open doors,
Behind which lie the fragrant stores
We hide away from eyes that weep.

Sweet memory, with reverent hand,
Half timidly doth enter in,
And sit again where they have been,
And strain the thought to understand.

* * * * *

And is it so? Art thou away,
Beyond the touch, beyond the call,
Of any heart? And is this all
Of time's full song? — this strange dismay?

* * * * *

Rev. J. W. Dinkleman.

But length of years, dear friend, was thine,
And earnest striving for the goal
Of perfect life, and crowned whole,
Crowned with the fiat of Divine.

A wondrous strain sets earthly air
A-tremble with diviner thought
Than men or angels ever taught;
That men and angels could not dare.

* * * * *

Let tears of wounded love flow down,
But why for thee, O, warrior saved?
For thee, upon whose shield is graved
The "Rose of Sharon"—cross and crown?

What more?—I reach my hands across
The miles of distance, time and tide,
And so clasp yours who sit beside
The long, long yesterday of loss.



BABY ESTHER.

BABY darling, baby sweet,
Dimpled hands and dimpled feet,
Shining hair and wondrous eyes,
Looking out with grave surprise;
Or with careless baby glee,
Scouting aught of mystery,

How you came to stray away
From the angels, tell us, pray;
And what message do you bring
From the palace of the King?
What deep secret do you know,
That your dark eyes thrill us so?

Is there bud one-half so fair,
Left to solace heaven's air?
Is there beauty so divine,
Baby darling, baby mine?

Baby Esther

Is there *any* thing like you,
Above or 'neath the circling blue?

Oh, what wisdom do we need,
Little, trusting feet to lead!

Oh, what strength beyond our own,
To defend in paths unknown,
And to woo from Folly's side,
Where streams of lasting good abide!

Baby darling, baby sweet,
Dimpled hands and dimpled feet,
I am wishing all things true,
All things lovely be for you,
All things precious, all things rare,
And a life beyond compare.



MOLLIE.

LAY her to rest
Where the late snow is falling;
Lay her to rest
Where the spring bird is calling
Out of the cloud.
Near his low trilling,
Tenderly filling
Grief's leaden shroud.
This is his message: "Be patient, and know
That life, life is stirring under the snow."

Father divine,
Where the darkness is stealing,
Oh, do Thou shine,
And send forth balm of healing.

Mollie.

Speak but the word;
Comfort the grieving,
They who, believing,
Ofttimes have heard
This loving letter—"O, come unto me,
Thou weary and sad one; rest is for thee."

Lay her to sleep,
Soon shall lily buds swelling,
Easter-tide keep,
And the roses be telling:
"She is not dead!
But safely sleeping,
In God's dear keeping,
Till time be sped."
Then what a gladness shall shine through the day,
When we all meet her just over the way.



MY FRIEND.

DEAR heart, whose life in touch with mine
Hath wrought in us a finer sense
Of that diviner recompense,
For all of time that we resign ;

For thee the recompense of rest
From disappointing, fruitless toil,
And meaner passions, that despoil
And wound the angel in the breast ;

For me the aftermath of loss,
And bitterness of retrospect,
And lashings of the mind that kept
The weariness of sorrow's cross.

Sweet was the converse, soul to soul,
In tenderness of nature's hush,
Unmindful of the world's mad rush,
Undazzled by its shining goal.

My Friend.

The simple faith of children met,
And clasped a mutual Father's hand,
And where we could not understand,
The smile of God seemed doubly set.

The gardens of the King we kept,
And sang amid the clustering vines,
And pondered all the mystic lines
Love's hand kept writing while we slept.

Thine was the larger heart of grace,
To walk amid the noontide heat,
And mark the passing of His feet,
And rest in shadow of His face.

A chastened glory softly shone
Through time's hard lessons, till, at length,
I learned the secret of thy strength,
In weakness of the flesh outgrown.

Because thy voice was brave and strong,
New songs shall cluster 'round the years,
New hopes shall blossom out of fears,
And right shall be in place of wrong.

My Friend.

Yet, yearning still, we fain would break
This voiceless mystery, that folds
Heart of our hearts: this watch that holds,
Nor swerves for man's or angel's sake.

I can not see, I can not tell,
Why storms arise; I only feel
The tender touch, the loving seal,
Of One who doeth all things well.

Across the silences I call —
Thou dost not hear; in vain I reach
My weary hands; in vain beseech
Thee to return ere darkness fall.

But God is good, and God is true,
He bids us nestle on His heart,
And let Him heal the cruel smart,
And all time's tangled threads undo.

Alone, yet not alone, the door
Of heaven stands wide: God is with me;
I touch His garment tremblingly,
And love, and wonder, and adore.



“ADA.”

BONNIE lassie, sweeter far
Than the light of sun or star
Is the dewy morning.
Wooded valleys joyful ring,
For the lark is on the wing,
And the new-blown rose
Doth no thorn disclose.
Twilight of the dawn, aglow
With youth's eagerness to know;
Time and distance scorning.

Maiden fair, before thee lie
Golden fields and sapphire sky;
Thou shalt roam wherever
Fancy leads, or deeper sight
Wins thee to a pure delight;
Wins to heavenly beauty,
Born of love and duty.

"Ada."

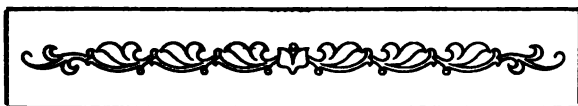
All the past is at thy feet,
All the future hastes to greet
And crown thy best endeavor.

Isles enchanting bound thy day,
Siren voices call—"Away,
Come and dance a measure."
Folly pipes a charming air,
All unknown to sober care,
And the brilliant halls fly wide
To allure from wisdom's side;
But beware! the lotus spell
Is on the islands where they dwell,
Who barter life for pleasure.

Bonnie lassie, life is made
Part of sunshine, part of shade,
Sometimes stormy weather.
But for every throe of pain
And for all the driving rain,
There's a new creation,
Rich in compensation.
Be it thine to bravely take
Both, and angel music make,
Weaving them together.

"Ada."

As thy soul sets out to grow
In the dawning all aglow,
At life's opening portal;
May no closed door lie between
Thee and thy great Friend unseen;
But let His eyes behold,
Thine inmost thought unfold.
Speeds the morning to the night,
May thy sun go down in sight
Of a youth immortal.



GOD IS LOVE.

LOOK up, dear eyes, the dewy spring
Is breathing o'er us,
And out on yonder bough they swing,
The dainty wrens, and sing, and sing
The whole day through.
Sweet song, 'tis saying live and love,
And anchor all thy hopes above.
List, sweet, the chorus —
"God is love."

Dear heart, so sorely tried, the years
Hold blessings for thee.
Bid sorrow go, wipe off thy tears,
Nor cling to these forbidding fears,
For lo! the morn
Breaks on thy night, and radiant skies
Bend down to bid thee lift thine eyes
Where peace smiles o'er thee.
"God is love."

God Is Love

Look up, the world is new to-day
 With bright bloom, flinging
Caressing touches o'er the clay,
As pure love covers faults away,
 With deathless trust.
Look up, sad eyes, the mists of care
Are gone, for heaven is in the air,
 And angels singing,
 "God is love."

Believe and trust our Father, so
 His hand shall guide thee,
And lift thee from the valley low
Up to the hills, the hills that glow
 With blessed light,
That thou may'st live not all in vain,
Come now and join this blissful strain
 Still sung beside thee —
 "God is love."



YOU AND I.

WE meet to-day, we part to-morrow.
You and I.

If in secret silent sorrow,
You regret the stern decree,

And I sigh,

Dreaming dreams of what might be.

Would fate only leave us free,

Will it make life less worth living?

Will it make love less worth giving?

Or, if we walked on together,

Would our joys be any brighter?

Would our sorrows be the lighter?

Problems these

We'll solve, perhaps, when twilight gray

Unveils to-day in yesterday.

You and I.

Much is given ere the asking,
And we try,
Vainly heart and brain both tasking,
To forget the bitter knowledge,
Asking why
Things unequal were created?
Why so many lives mismated
Curse the earth? Forever grieving,
With deceit themselves deceiving.
When a word in candor spoken,
Would sad hearts forever lighten,
And sad eyes forever brighten?
Joy abounds
When we say things as we mean them,
And we mean them as we say them.

Years will bless, and years bereave us,
You and I.
As the summer time shall leave us,
And the autumn wreath with glory
Youth's brief sky.
Other scenes ere long will greet us,
Other friends will warmly meet us,
And if wooing voices 'round us
Fondly with their love have crowned us,

You and I.

Shall we, yielding, tell to memory
It were better that no token
Kept our friendship still unbroken?

Or, at length,

Shall we pride and folly smother,
And in gladness find each other?



THE STREAMS RUN LOW.

BECAUSE one fails us whom we make
So grandly high beyond all creeds,
So all-sufficient for our needs,
Shall friendship falter for his sake?

Whose hands are these have torn the vines,
And crushed the pleasant planting down,
And gave deceitful smiles to crown
The cruelty of dark designs?

And if thou stand aside to see
A stranger take thy wonted place,
And thrust thee, wounded, from the chase,
What then? Poor heart, such things must be.

The garb of love but illy fits
Beneath whose folds the sordid soul
Heaps worldly gain, and plans the role
Of servile court, where greatness sits.

The Streams Run Low.

It is the self-applauding prayer,
That still would prove high heaven in debt.
With Pharisaic zeal, and yet —
The Son of Mary is not there.

The temple feels no answering thrill,
Nor burn the altar fires more bright,
Humility reserves the right
With fragrance all her courts to fill.

The tides run swift that tell the flow
Of happy lives. Who cares to mark
The dial moving in the dark?
Or who hath patience with our woe?

The land is barren for our sake,
And all the tender herbage dead.
There came a black frost, some one said,
And this shut lily will not wake.

I kissed it, and I shook it so
The leaves fell out! Yet all winds tell,
Blow north, blow south. "He doeth well."
But all the streams run very low.

The Streams Run Low.

It must have been an idle tale,
That ran the full length of the street,
Then passed, as impotent to meet
Who would not hold his friend for sale.

These are but weakly cries, that show
How sickly grows the house of Faith
To dread this oft-returning wraith,
Whose mission is to mock us so.

He is my Friend — and yet, and yet,
These awful mountains rise so high
They crowd the sun, and gloom the sky,
And make this foolish heart forget.

There is a sound comes in the night,
As if one wept; it must be rain,
Slow trickling o'er the window pane,
To wash the fretted marble white.

Peace! Peace! There comes a gentle guest,
And enters in. And softly o'er
The dash of mad waves at the door
Is wrought His miracle of rest.



CHANGES.

THE doleful winds sleeping,
In winter's cold keeping,
Have set the year weeping.

Fond nature's heart sighing,
Sees summer a-dying,
In queenly garb lying.

In arches of glory,
The wood writes her story,
With frost fine and hoary.

Out in the sweet clover,
No longer a rover,
The bee hum is over.

Changes.

Sweet bird notes are grieving,
O'er nests they are leaving,
To winter's bereaving.

O'er lilies in ashes,
The brook softly dashes,
And mournfully splashes.

Life's pulses move slowly,
Beat tenderly, lowly,
The season is holy.

It fades, to remind us
The night soon will find us,
And death's slumber bind us.

The years, moving fleetly,
Teach tenderly, sweetly,
Life's lesson completely.

What earnest endeavor
Should woo us to sever
From trifles forever,

And clothe us with power
To win Wisdom's dower
From time's little hour,

Changes.

Not to be wronging
The innermost longing
The soul visions thronging,

But love's precept testing,
Life's billows be breasting,
With God for our resting.



WHAT ARE THE PORTENTS?

WHAT are the portents of the years?
Who shall interpret us the signs
That interscore with deeper lines
The predicts of the sacred seers?

Lo here, lo there, the wise ones say
With wisdom that forever keeps
Within the narrow, changeful deeps
Which rise and empty in to-day.

Mortality hath eyes to see
But by the lamps of time and sense,
Nor can discern the fountain whence
The oil and wine flow constant, free.

New worlds are born in yonder sky,
New suns are blazing from afar,
But Science misses Bethlehem's star,
In placing of the glass too high.

What Are the Portents?

Humility shall strike the chord
That answers back in heaven's heart,
And lowly hands are those that part
The inner veil, and find their Lord.

They of the unknown and untaught,
With burning hearts press to the light
That dares to pierce the moral night,
And bring the heathen gods to naught.

And lo, a highway, broad and clean,
And thousands press with eager feet,
And happy anthems loud and sweet,
To hail the coming Nazarene.

What means this opening of the doors?
What means this breaking of the seals
That all the innermost reveals,
Nor spares the sacred river shores?

What means this shrinking of the sea,
Across whose waves hand claspeth hand,
A brotherhood? and fatherland
Lies by the way of Calvary.

What Are the Portents?

Thou, Calvary! the grand keynote,
By which is caught the mighty strain,
Which centers in the grief and pain,
Of Him whom kings and prophets wrote;

Where waves of sin in blackness toss,
On India's shores, o'er China's walls,
And on the Congo, gently falls
Thy healing shadow, blessed cross!

And yet, "how long," we cry, "how long?
When will the flood-gates open wide
And sweep in a resistless tide,
From man to man, from throng to throng?"

When from the dust our Zion lifts
Her steadfast banners to the light,
And puts great Babylon to flight,
And all the camp of Israel sifts;

When free from worldly bonds shall rise,
The chosen of our God, to meet
And slay the foe that stays her feet,
And bars her from her native skies.

What Are the Portents?

When all the tithes shall be brought in,
And Love shall willing service pour,
Till God's full storehouse runneth o'er,
And every man his neighbor win.

Then shall the desert wilds rejoice,
And mercy's rivers freely flow,
And every mountain be brought low,
And every island find a voice.

Behold, the dawning long is o'er,
Of that great day when one shall stand,
God's angel, on the sea and land,
Proclaiming — "Time shall be no more."

Come, Holy Spirit, grant us sight,
And let thy wisdom in us shine,
That we the truth of God divine,
And read the sacred seers aright.



OF WHAT AVAIL?

Of what avail,
If thou go forth the wide world o'er,
And thy proud sail
Shall touch on each and every shore
Beneath the sun?
If all the treasure earth can boast
Thy hand hath won,
And all accounted fame the most
To thee shall fall?
If love his silken bands shall weave
In tender thrall?
And if thy lips shall never grieve
Nor eyelids droop
Above a hollow, tear-stained cheek,
Where sorrows troop?
If thou shalt never know a pain,
Nor breathe a sigh,
What matters, if at last thou gain
But this — to die?

Of What Avail?

How fair, how fair,
The snowy lilies in the sun!
How bare, how bare,
The garden when their day is done!
And thou, O, thou,
So stately in thy youthful prime,
So eager now,
With restless feet that upward climb
The rounds of fate,
Where shall we find thee when they say,
"It groweth late?"
Where shall we look when chilling falls
November rain?
When through the fog the watchman calls,
In doleful strain,
The swift receding hour that holds
Thy name and date,
While closer draw the narrow folds
Of ghastly state,
And nowhere is the writing plain,
In thy brief line,
That might have spoken to our pain,
From the Divine?



BEYOND THE ALPS.

BEYOND the highest peak
Of Alpine pass, we seek
Still nobler heights.
With bated breath we yearn
For winged steps to learn
Those fresh delights.

We are a piece, a part,
Of the great mountain's heart,
And born to rise.
Stay not to look below,
Stay not for weal or woe.
We charge the skies!

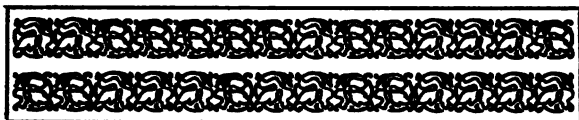
Fear not the icy steep,
Dread not the crevice deep,
Strong is our guide.
In dark or storm or cold,
The rope of faith will hold;
It is well tried

Beyond the Alps.

We battle as we go;
For sin, our mighty foe,
Doth rant and rail.
But with the undertone
Of God's voice in our own,
We can not fail.

God calls us to the height,
God bids us to the light.
"Go up, O youth;
Up, up, while yet the dew
Falls on the path. Be true,
Be true to Truth."

Up, up, our Captain gave
Command; His ensigns wave
O'er land and sea.
The way of sloth we scorn,
For serving we were born,
And victory!



LOVE'S WOOING.

I LOVE you, O mountains,
I joy in your vales ;
I sing to the fountains,
And laugh in the gales.

The trees with caressing
Bend down their strong arms,
And sweet rest and blessing
I find in their charms.

Bright songsters careering
Through cloudland, begin
A message of cheering,
Toward heaven to win

Love's Wooing.

The soul of the toiler,
Who fashions below,
Too much for the spoiler,
Too much for the foe.

How sweet is the wooing
Of Love's tender lines!
Through sin's dark undoing
Her white garment shines.

Look up from thy toiling;
The kingdom is nigh,
And naught can be spoiling
The fruits of the sky.

But thou must be hasting,
And seize thine own place,
If thou wouldest be tasting
The vintage of grace.

By that mystic token
On Calvary sealed,
The heart that is broken
Shall surely be healed.

Love's Wooing.

Come out in the glory
Of June's full refrain,
And follow the story
Of ripening grain

For souls that are minding
Where angels have trod,
Will always be finding
The footprints of God.



THE VALLEY OF PEACE.

FAIR, fair is the valley of Peace,
And sweet are the pastures of rest;
There life hath abundant increase,
And quietness reigns in the breast.

The Shepherd draws near with delights,
His flocks hear His voice and obey;
And upward, and on to the heights,
He leads them a marvelous way.

The Prince of Peace walks through the land,
And Trust walketh close by His side;
But only the meek understand
The way to come in and abide.

No limner hath skill to repeat
The beauty revealed everywhere;
The heart thrills its Maker to greet,
And earth, sea, and sky are a prayer.

The Valley of Peace.

A prayer that exultingly wings
Its joy to the Wonderful One,
And ever adoringly sings,
And worships the Father and Son.

O, beautiful valley of Peace.
I'll build in thy life-giving air,
Where care-prisoned souls have release;
And God sets His palace gates there.



THE UNKNOWN PORTALS.

THE mystery of yesterday
Remains unsolved.
To-morrow is a phantom gray,
A shade dissolved,
Before the sense of touch or sight
Can seize, and bring it to the light.

To-day is winged — a narrow span,
Thrown in between
Th' eternities. And every man
To the unseen,
Each moment, passes on and on,
From sun to sun, from dawn to dawn.

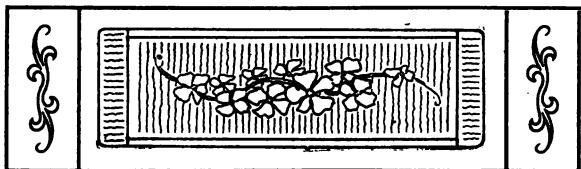
The deeps above, beneath, around,
Repeat the Word,
And light, and truth, and love abound,
If God be heard;
His hand unveils, His hand doth weigh
To-morrow, yesterday, to-day.

The Unknown Portals.

He speaks beside the mystic door —
 "Abide in me."
"Light of the world," I cry, "restore
 The golden key,
The talisman to hush time's strife,
And solve the miracle of life."

O, blessed key! The portals swing,
 The pass is won.
Unhindered, free, my soul, a-wing,
 Soars to the sun,
Adoring God's stupendous plan,
And gift unspeakable to man.

Unknown? Yes, in the restful sense
 Of childhood grace,
That asks not whither, where, nor whence,
 But fills its place,
And fearless, swiftly onward goes,
Content, because the father knows.



TENT AND ALTAR.

THE world is fair ; it beckons where
Rivers of pleasure swiftly run ;
But deep through all I hear the call,
“Come out, come out. from Babylon.”

Lay not thy hands on gold or lands,
Take tent and altar and arise ;
For thou must climb, and joys of time
Would bind thy feet, and blind thine eyes.

My Lord hath need of utmost speed,
The souls of men are sunk in woe ;
Think not of ease, thyself to please,
But forth with tent and altar go.

Tent and Altar.

For thou must win, from paths of sin,
The high, the low, the rich, the poor,
And sing the star that gleams afar,
Revealing treasures that endure.

O, Spirit, teach, I do beseech,
Make me in meekness understand
The precious Word my being stirred,
And set my face toward Beulah-land.

May I be strong to vanquish wrong,
And lift a fallen brother up,
And count it gain, if hand of pain
Press to my lips the bitter cup.

I must away, I dare not stay
To gather shining gems of dust.
My treasure lies beyond the skies,
Where comes nor thief, nor moth, nor rust.

My pilgrim tent, when time is spent,
I'll leave to fall on shores of night;
My altar's glow, put out below,
Shall still reflect in heaven's light.



THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS.

HAVE you read the mystic story,
Told in quaint old allegory,
Of the cross?
How its shadow, softly stealing,
To all things gives life and healing;
And the throng
Innocent and white-robed, sweeping
On their way, yet stainless keeping,
While the song
Thrills the shining fruits and flowers
Nestling in the garden bowers?
Precious cross!
'Tis the shadow
Of the cross.

The Shadow of the Cross.

Lo! the world, a garden glowing
In the smile of God, bestowing
 Fruit and flower,
Leaf and blossom, teaching, preaching
Of the truth, fair tendrils reaching
 Toward the light.
Naught of poison lurks around them,
For the precious cross has found them,
 Made them white.
Where its shadow falleth o'er them,
Sin's red blush shall fade before them,
 And Heaven's power,
 From this hour,
 Be their dower.

Pilgrim, has the way grown weary?
Do the days seem cold and dreary?
 Lift the cross;
Lo! what hidden sweets, up-springing,
Love and peace and joy are clinging
 Round the day.
Rest thee, in its shadow folded,
All thy thoughts by God's thoughts molded,
 Trustful say:

The Shadow of the Cross.

"I will lay me down, and sleeping,
Have no care, since Christ is keeping
Me from loss,
In the shadow
Of the cross —
Precious cross!"



THE CHRIST.

DO I love Him?
Yes, my soul,
He, and He alone, the goal
And source of thy endeavor.
Do I love Him?
Oh, to know
More of righteousness, and so
From charms of time to sever!
Oh, to tell Him
All the bliss
Of my enraptured spirit — this
Vainly I endeavor.
But I love Him!
This my song
O'er and o'er! The flesh doth wrong,
But can stay me never.
Yes, I love Him!
Sing, soul, sing,
Every blissful note take wing
To Christ and God forever.



GOD'S LOVE—A SEA WITHOUT A
SHORE!

THERE may be clouds in yonder sky,
Perhaps the tempest mutters nigh,
I ride with canvas in full sail,
Nor heed the unpropitious gale;
My bark through every storm glides free
Upon this deep, unfathomed sea;
And, as I sail, forever more
I sing the sweet strain o'er and o'er —
Oh! wondrous sea, that hath no shore!
No shore! no shore!

I heard a voice; it said to me —
Come, launch upon this boundless sea,
Come, ere thy sunny care-free days
Within the labyrinthian haze

God's Love — A Sea Without a Shore!

Of Folly's tangled paths are lost,
And thou, within life's whirlpool tossed,
Sink down, ere long, thro' death's dark door,
Nor learn the song that rolleth o'er
This boundless sea that hath no shore,
No shore! no shore!

Sail on, my soul, and on, and on!
Some day shall break that perfect dawn,
And lift the veil that lies between
These eyes of flesh and the unseen.
Some day the gates of pearl and gold
To this small bark shall wide unfold.
Oh, then, with angels, o'er and o'er,
I'll sing God's love forever more,
That deep, deep sea that hath no shore!
No shore! no shore!



FATE.

O H, foolish heart,
To throb and start
At mention of a name!
To shrink away in very fear
From eyes that never held thee dear;
Oh, heart, for shame
To shrine his name!

Unwooded, yet won,
Oh, life undone,
Oh, woman's life uncrowned!
For life is love, and love is life,
Each slayeth each, if each at strife;
For skill ne'er found
Love's hidden wound.

Fate.

Where willows weep
The lilies sleep,
 Close in the moonlight's gleam;
Will he weep when he hears them say,
She sleeps? Ah, me! some day, some day,
 If o'er thy dream
 His tears should stream!

You'd awake, oh, heart,
And pulse and start,
 And wheels of life go round;
And when thy joy across it shined,
The whole wide world would straight go blind;
 Oh, to be found,
 Heart, and be crowned!

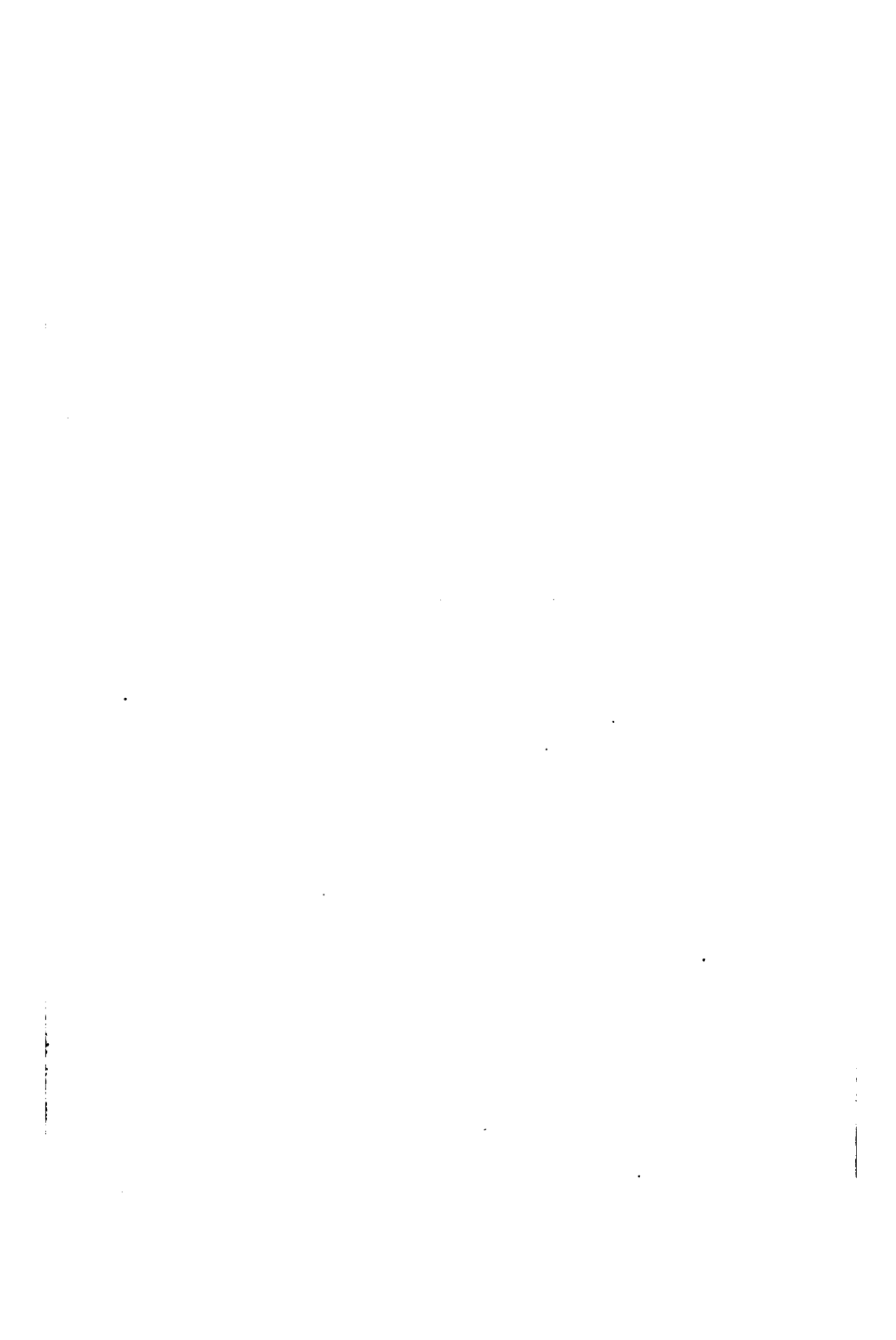
TO THE STATURE OF GOD.

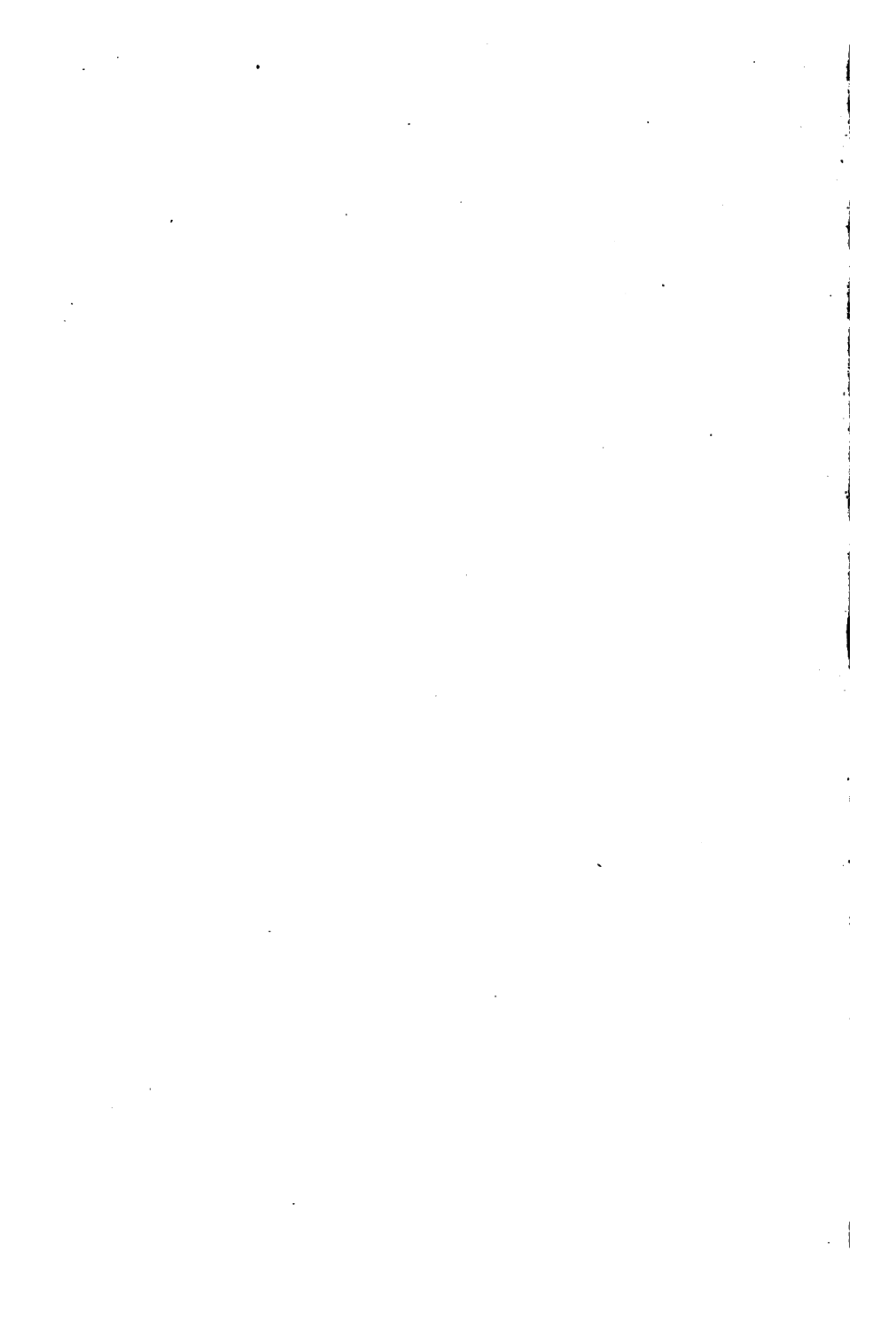
SPUR thee to larger effort, soul,
Or, ere thou be aware,
For thee shall sound death's muster-roll,
And thou awake beside the goal
Of blessing or despair.

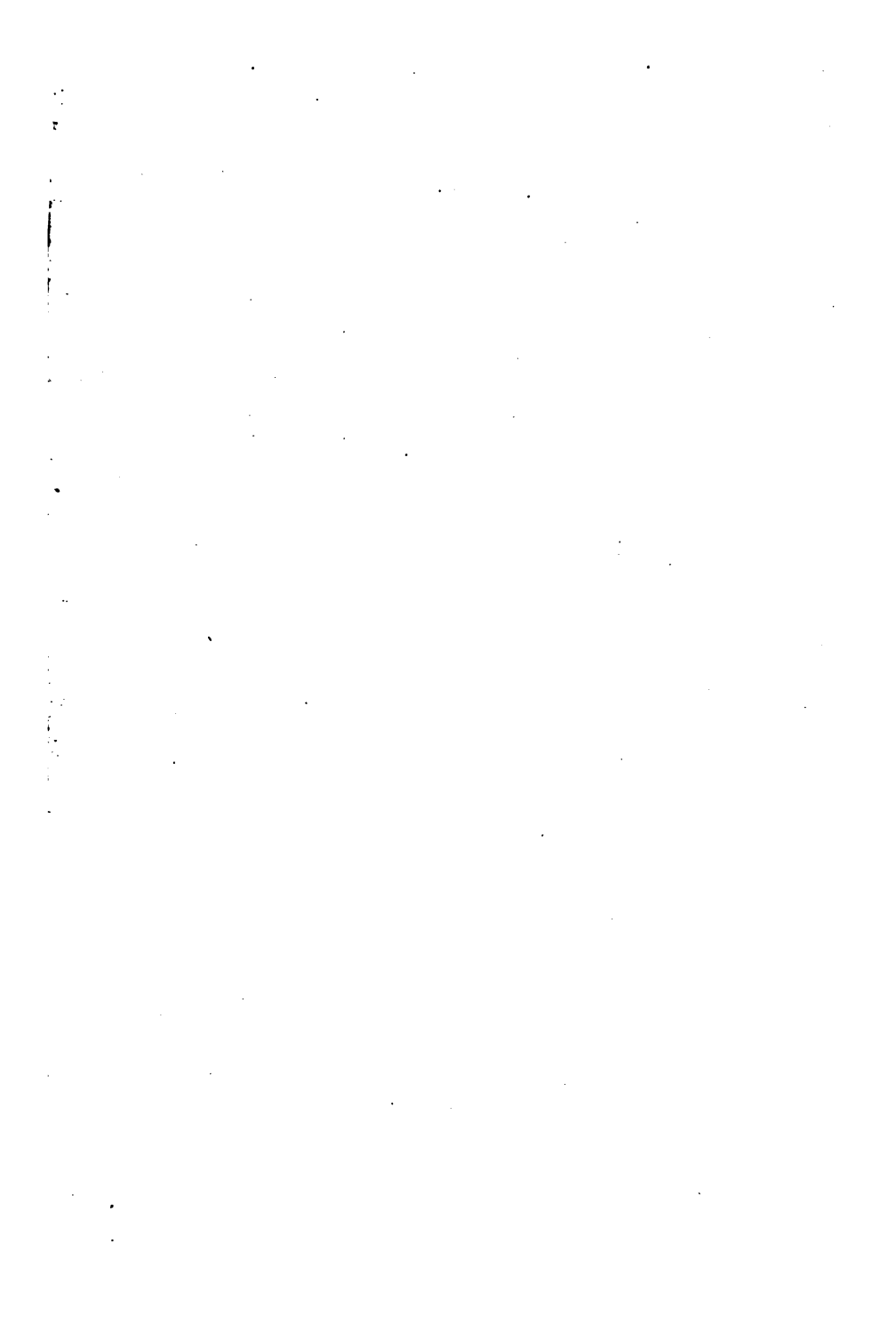
Spur thee to royal action, soul;
The tides are on the wane;
Ere long, from that unchanging scroll,
The unseen scribe will voice thy dole —
Eternal loss or gain.

Spur thee to princely guerdon, soul,
A kingdom and a crown
Await who doth himself control,
Nor on his manhood levy toll
To bribe a smile or frown.

Spur thee, nor stay thy course, my soul,
Till thou be fully grown
To stature of the King. Made whole,
And vested in a priestly stole
In Christ alone.









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